THE DEATH OF NOVELIST NORRIS EVENT TO BE DEPLORED.

owells Discusses the Question of Noman's Ability as a Fiction Writer-Notes and Gossip.

The Seath of Frank Norris, the California novelat, is a loss to literature, because at discusses the difficulty presented to the thirty two he had only begun to accomplish woman writer in giving an artistic and rigle. Three contemporaneous story her stories. Mr. Howells says: have shown the new West to us as ing more than a land of glaring contrastrand a field for humor bordering on e. The three men, Frank Norris, Owen Wister and Harry Leon Wilson, write about the West as a factor in our political must be men to keep it going, and if it is a and social system and indicate the relation | woman who writes the story, it must be a which its unmined wealth and its social ideals chiseled from the rocks almost as roughly as its ores are, bear to the United | so thoroughly as a man can know women. States as a nation. Of these Wister is by picture in his "Virginian" than any of his fellows has done, but the man with the large ideal was Norris. He borrowed from | circumstances of life, or as they are usu-Balza and Zola the plan of a connected serie of studies all dealing with different nothing in her being a woman that shall phase of the same subject. His "Octopus," published two years ago, was to be the first rilogy to be called "The Epic of the Whee," of which the second volume was to dioict the Chicago wheat pit, as the cented of the process of sale of the wheat, in her heart she will make a successful ape third was to show its consumption in Errope and in the relief of an Indian

It is an ambitious scheme and his death has cat it off in the middle. But "The Ocwhich dealt with the fight between eat growers of southern California nough to arouse keen interest as to what he could and could not do, on the wheat ranch, when the union the railroad fell to pieces, who that grim picture of the lawyer ed in the flood of wheat pouring into d of the ship, and the pursuit of the ed engineer through the mountains, power which was bound to come to fruition with years and work. "The did not meet the success of a very ineffectiveness from the point lity of the author's aim. Mrs. to successfully paints the sweep of social system. Something like that tried to do with the revolt of Califarmers against railroad control of tion, one wave of the "anti-trust" nent stirring our politics to-day. In when successful novelists are conith little things, with charming porgs, a subject like that dignifies literand even the partial realization of it he Octopus" rescues Norris from the merely entertaining and ephemeral writers. Whether "The Wheat Pit" ear enough completion to make its ation possible is not known, but anements have been made of it as forthcoming. Whether it is published or not. Nor as has made his mark as one of the novilsts who took his work seriously and whom having found his field, declined to frive or to hurry.

## A Demand for Good Books.

"Eddor's Study," in November Harper. Many fallacies are entertained concernublishers, editors and those who are employed as readers. So many books and so periodicals are published which have no ration to anything which may properly be called literature that it is too generally Ried that all publishing enterprises that detachment, and are of a wholly hercial character. If this were true, it cast a grave reflection upon the great of intelligent readers in this country. 'he real situation is far different from apposed. There is a large and steadeasing number of cultivated and aptive American readers whose taste not been vitiated, and who insist upon ighest standards and the best ideals. large this audience is may be inferred the fact that a novel, of supreme dison as literature, and with no facticlaim to popularity, may have a sale om 50,000 to 100,000 copies-larger than it calld have had a generation ago. It is an audance demanding something better than s, but not something better than we it will get. We have no such constelof great novel-writers as forty years rightened the English literary heav-The interval has been made radiant by niture. We may not soon see such another groes as thronged the field, dazzling the pede the concentration of their brains. It is lago with sandbags, which leave no marks nebulously rich for fresh nucleations to satisfy the eagerly expectant eyes of the tricity of his genius; but it is strange that sur be met. We are not confessing to the list of those who have had other things be- by Desdemona's parents, after he has been contoared with the past (excluding from iterary taste and literary activity are didvanced since the days of Irving and er. The quality of our literature is

#### A Valuable Library. New York Evening Post.

more exacting.

Information from Louisville, Ky., is to the effect that a library of great value and extant, containing many rare and precious boc s, is to become the property of the men is made: "Hidden away in a too-long | mars. clored building on Jefferson street, Louisobscured by layer on layer of dust, wonderful library of books, whose New York Sun. r denies their existence, but who has a will bequeathing the entire collecto the University of Virginia. For these books have only been seen by ce. For years their owner has guarded from his novelette, "Monsieur Beaucaire." from friends and foes alike. They are ed by the few friends of the old man why owns them at from \$60,000 to \$100,000, shows that the "swell mob," the criminals the shelves and piled in rows on the floor are many first editions, many Spanish books of great value, thousands of Anarican books of the early eighteenth and teenth centuries, and books written by mes and women of scholarly leisure before the civil war. The collecting of these books n in the infancy of American literaand has been carried on to the present The old, old man who owns these is is eighty-eight years of age. He is porarity at St. Joseph's Infirmary, but ot seriously ill. His mind is as brilliant earlier days, when he saw Lafayette witnessed the destruction of Transyla. He is not only a bibliomaniac, but an futher of important books. His name is Be-nard Shipp. He was born April 13, 1813. Next to Col. Cuthbert Bullit, he is the oldcitizen of the city. Generations have for otten him and he passes alone through the city streets. Yet he has seen wonderful thisgs, and, what is better, he remembers then, and has lately given his reminis-

#### Condemus Ayres's Books. Recwell Field, in Chicago Post.

The death of Alfred Ayres recalls the effor a well-meaning gentleman who spent a life making trouble for his fellowmed. He was a literary prig, a quibbler eva words, who was never happy save when endeavoring to prove that the writers of the greatest reputation knew nothwhatever of the proper use of words. e years ago we were associated with a ng writer whose beauty of literary style remarkable. In an evil moment-he withal a modest fellow-he picked up ain books by Alfred Ayres, and from the moment he was lost. In a week's time het was unable to write an ordinary sen-

Ayres, he picked every word with the greatest care, vainly endeavoring to catch the closest shade of meaning, with the natural result that his easy, beautiful style became stilted, affected and wearisome, in the extreme. For one wretched year he floundered in the bog of "careful writing." producing nothing that would have been creditable to a high-school boy. Just at the moment when his friends were praying that death would rescue him before his reputation and talents were wholly destroyed he awoke, threw away his Ayres, cursed his own folly and shook off all absurd and hampering restrictions. There are two good places for books of the Ayres stamp-the kitchen stove and the library grate.

#### Can a Woman Write About Men?

In Harper's for November, Mr., Howells, in commenting on George Eliot's work, rk he had laid out, says the Brook- faithful picture of the men necessary to "It seems as if there must always be

women artists as well as men artists, and should be obliged, if not tempted, to realize their acquaintance with men to the perception of their readers. No story can get on, or get far on, with women alone in it; there woman who paints the men's characters. "Of course she has to do the best she can under the conditions. She cannot know men There is a whole world, a dreadful world, which a passably good man may at least he best artist, making a rounder, know about, but which can be known only her, more convincing and attractive to the worst of women. Still, that is a world well lost to knowledge for most practical purposes, and if the woman who is writing a story will take her men in the ordinary ally known to the human family, and not in their uttermost moral squalor, there is prevent her representing them accurately, vividly, truthfully. She must look into her heart and write, as a man must; but in the heart of every human being there is the potentiality of every woman and every man, irrespective of the being's sex, and so long as a woman honestly reports what she sees peal to the recognition of her readers with the figure to which she attributes the nature of a man."

#### What Zola Made by Writings.

London Letter in Chicago Post, It is estimated, I see, that Zola made 2,-000,000 francs, that is about £80,000, in his Southern Pacific Railroad, had forty years of authorship. That does not the author would accomplish in his seem a very large reward for attaining to book and it is undeniably long-winded in authors. Two thousand pounds a year. earns twice as much every year of her £1,000 during the vaccination scare. But of

> money was not Zola's only reward. Have you ever read the wooden autobi-Trollope? It is worth reading, if only for story. its frank statement of Trollope's methods and ideals and earnings. He had few illuslons. He was a novelist by trade. He it was, you remember, who ground out his the stateroom of an Atlantic liner. Well, Trollope says that in thirty-two years of novel writing he made £70,000. That is a better record than Zola's, and who can say that his literary record is worse? "I have turned out more stuff," wrote Trollope, "than any other living European authorcertainly more than twice as much as Caryle." Poor Carlyle, even some of your stuff" is forgotten.

But do you remember what Carlyle said to William Black when he had finished reading "A Daughter of Heth?" "Eh, man," said he in his grimmest way, "but when are ye goin' to do somethin' serious?'

#### How the Heroine Has Changed. Springfield Republican.

The heroine of the novel used to be described somewhat after this style:

Her head was beautifully poised. brow was low and broad and white. Her delicately chiseled nose was of the color of alabaster, and a faint, pinkish glow showed under the velvety surface of her cheeks. Her splendidly rounded throat was like a marble column set above her white, swelling breast, and her dimpled, snowy arms showed alluringly through the dainty lace of which the sleeves of her gown were

Since the heroine plays golf, however, it would hardly be proper to speak of her alabaster brow and pink cheeks. To give her all she deserves the novelist of to-day must picture her thus:

Her rich, faded out hair was done up in little knot on top of her head, where she ightly wore a rusty brown Tam O'Shanter. Her broad, beautiful brow was about the color of an old boot, and her delicate, refined nose was covered with freckles, all save the end, which had become a large, irregular blister that was splendidly becoming to her. Her soft, downy cheeks were cracked and brown, as a result of exposure to the weather, and her magnificent neck showed big sunburned cords on the sides that testified to her fine development and most black arms, stood out like those of a machinist, and she had a long, almost many stride that at once filled the beholder with a sense of her grace and made him ong instinctively to be her protector.

# Literature and Concentration.

London Graphic. In the Fortnightly Review M. Max Norery stars, now and then of great mag- ployments to divide their interests and imletters to be able thus to insulate the elecish-speaking people. The demand will M. Nordau should have overlooked the long fority of our own present literature as | sides literature to attend to and yet have produced work that lives. Shakspeare, the the etrospect a single period, as brief as it actor-manager; Milton, the lord protector's brilliant.) On the contrary, in Ameri- Latin secretary; Charles Lamb, the India office clerk, are only a few of the cases that he might have recalled. He should also have thought of Dickens, who was a rer than in those days; appreciation is porter when his first imaginative work was ker and more abundant, judicious critiwritten; Thackeray, who divided his time between fiction and work for the comic papers, and Charles Kingsley, who wrote "Westward Ho!" while a country parson, and M. Zola, who was Hachette's clerk when he wrote "Contes a Ninon." quantity of the work may have suffered in some of these cases from the author's alternative interests and duties, but it is hard to believe that the quality has suffered too. The rule, in short, if rule it be, is swamped by rather more exceptions than even the Unitersity of Virginia. The following state- rules about the genders in French gram-

# Precedents Enough.

He should not be; for criminal history

Mr. Booth Tarkington is said to be surprised that an American "crook" obtained a suggestion for fleecing unwary Britons

WHAT DID THE DOCTOR MEAN? Patient (after giving the doctor three dollars and receiving a prescription)-But suppose, doctor, this doesn't cure me.

#### MISS HART WYLIE



Because she prefers an art career to that of a social butterfly, Miss Hart Wylie, direct descendant of nine State Governors, has left her home in Atlanta, Ga., where her social debut

themselves, which they can use in their profession. About a third of a century ago, in a year thereafter, an actual firm of jewelers was robbed in the manner described ages, on the ground that the story had suggested the mode of robbery; but the English court promptly nonsuited them. Mr. Tarkington may take heart, inasmuch as the only precedent is against his being ography of that verbose novelist, Anthony liable for the criminal misapplication of his

# A Shelf for the Elect.

If you have already grouped your books according to your liking for them, it will be found pleasant to set apart a special shelf intimate book friends-the ones that you most respect, enjoy, and are truly fond of Then, when in the mood for converse with a favorite author, you can turn to this special group, sure of finding what you want. Or, if you do not care to open the volumes, you can "read them by the backs"-a phrase already explained in this department. That is to say, you can by a mere glance at the books themselves conjure up as if by a magic charm the scenes, personages, and often the very words that lie

#### Literary Notes.

The legend that the short story is not in contributor to the Academy. He can't understand by what process of ratiocination that legend has been evolved, and he adds: "The modern short story was perfected by an Anglo-Saxon, Edgar Allan Poe, an artist profoundly esteemed in the 'land of the short story,' France, though

ignored in England." The examination of Zola's papers has resulted in discovering that the novelist left set to music by Bruneau, a friend and colaborator with the great writer. The work was composed in the summer at Zola's country house and only finished three days before his death. Another opera, "L'Infant Roi," was finished some time ago and is now in the hands of Manager Carre, of the Opera Comique. It will be staged the com

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, author of 'Beulah," "St. Elmo" and the recent book, "A Speckled Bird," is said to be a woman of remarkably attractive personality. Well fascinating to all ages of friends and visitors. She is of medium height, graceful, the high bred air which denotes her gentle birth and breeding. She is a delightful, vivacious and unaffected conversationalist. Peculiarly gracious and tactful, Mrs. Wilson is an especially popular woman in the South and greatly admired and beloved

There is a report that a French book collector has picked up for a trifle at a book stall on the Paris quays an original copy of the story from which Shakspeare took the plot of "Othello." In this history of the 'Moor of Venice," by Geraldi Cynthio, Desdemona is beaten to death by Othello and crumbling ceiling above her and declare that she has been killed by accident. The story concludes with the killing of Othello perpetually banished from Venice by the

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is a native of Brookfield, Mass., and the scene of many of her books is laid in New England. She is said to have been a very precoclous child, attending school when only four years oldstudying grammar at six, teaching school at thirteen and publishing her first article at fifteen. Over three million copies of her books have been sold as proof of her popularity. Her home is in Brockport, near Rochester, N. Y., where, when at home, she is always busy at work, for, notwithstanding that she has been so long before the public, she has more applications for stories than she can fill.

# A TRUST IN HIMSELF.

#### Providence, a Run of Catfish and a Supply of Needed Hooks. Detroit Free Press.

"This trust business now agitating the public is by no means a new thing." said a banker from northern Michigan the other day, "although it seems to be something of a surprise to the public. Trusts were heard of as many as forty years ago, and if not on such a large scale it was because money was not so plenty.

"I believe that I was one of the first trusts ever heard of in the United States. was in business in Missouri, and a creditor who went to the wall turned over to me a barrel of catfish hooks. The supply was large enough to meet the ordinary demand for ten years to come, but a singular thing happened that fall. There was an epidemic among live stock, and beef, pork and mut-ton became scarce and high. There hadn't been a run of catfish in the fall for twenty years, but that fall they fairly swarmed in the Missouri. Everybody went in for catfish, and, of course, there was a big de-

mand for hooks. "It wasn't long before I discovered that I had the only supply for a hundred miles up and down, and, after thinking the matter over, I stated the case to an old justice of the peace, who came into the store. He smoked a pipe over it and then replied:
"'Tom, this seems to be a case of Providence. Providence decreed that there should be a run of catfish to help us all out."
"But about my barrel of fishhooks?" asked. 'Do you think Providence decree that I should have them on hand to sell

at a cent apice?" "'No, sah-no sah,' he replied with much earnestness. When it come to you Provi-dence let right go and gave you a chance to either play the fool or sell them hooks for a dime apice, and now you take your "I put up the price and sold every hook," said the trust originator, "and if I made a thousand per cent. profit the people along the river had plenty of catfish and Provi-

#### dence that winter as an effort. What Is Life?

Doctor-In that case, come back and I'll That man will drink until the crack of doom!

# IN THE OLD BOOK SHOP'S

WHO BUY PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

Bibliomaniae Who Drove His Family Out of Doors to Make Room for His Hobby.

New York Evening Post. If old books could talk, the worn, second-

hand volumes that drift into dusty heaps on the floors and shelves of dim besement shops in this city, day by day, would tell a tale of human pathos, mixed with comely. as strange as any romance ever written. The bibliopolist's calling is a curious and eventful one. It thrusts upon him odd confidences and sometimes takes him lato weird surroundings.

"Not long ago I answered a hasty silmmons to a certain house in Brooklyn, and made an offer for its immense library," said a down town dealer, recounting one of his most peculiar experiences. "It came from the wife of a bibliomaniac who was widely known throughout the city.

"I knew the idiosyncracies of the man, for I had visited him once several years ago. I wanted to buy some books that he owifed. He literally kicked me out of his house, so I felt no surprise when I saw his widow of a few hours tear from their shelves, in sheer bitterness of spirit, the books he had

"She had lived with her family in three rooms on the second floor of her husbaad's Minneapolis Tribune. big dwelling. He had forced her to varate the doors could not be opened a panel was removed and the papers or books were thrown through the crevice. The window was open and the havoc of rain and slow had ruined all within reach. A BOOK MISER.

books or remove a fragment of a clipping. The grime of years was shaken from their covers when the widow owned them for the first time. She did not keep them one minute longer than was necessary. She sold the entire collection for \$10,000, and If removed it in ninety-three cases of 18,000 volumes. It represented the abnormal labor of thirty years, and at least two wreeked which a love of books may lead a hobbyrider who is not strongly balanced. Women sometimes send for me from a great distance to inspect their library, with a view to purchasing what they describe as 'fine collection of books.' I have dached to the scene and found several hundred, paper-backed novels, not worth the energy hat I had spent in catching the next train nome. The car fare is my loss, of coulseand it reaches a considerable sum year. I can do nothing except leave premises and try not to be even silently pro-

"No one ever was permitted to dust the

POPULAR NOTION OF BOOK VALUES. "Have you any paper for shelf-covers?" said a woman shopper who entered; the store at this moment, and interrupted the

"No, madam." Turning away, he coutin-"That is typical of most worsen's appreciation of old books. I answer duestions similar to that several hundred imes a day. I can't understand it. Women have revived a fashion for the antique in firniture, but they maintain a serene indifference to antiquities in bibliography. And yet Oliver Wendell Holmes said: 'There is no furniture like books.'

"I found a manual worth \$250 in a young housekeeper's coal scuttle once. She had asked me to buy some old books that had been swept together when she cleaned storeroom. She had picked out the brightest and best-looking ones and arranged them in orderly rows for my inspection. They were not worth \$3. The others she had thrown aside for the ash bin. I have learned by experience to reverence rubbish heaps. So I quietly asked for a glance at the debris, and was led to the coal scuttle. I held my breath as I drew forth the shabby manual. It was a first edition of the 'Star Chan'ber,' one of the earliest books printed by the famous 'Grolier Club.'

"This is an attractive little book; much will you take for it?' I asked. "'You may have that for nothing," "I said no more then, but when I resched

ny shop I sent her a good-sized check, But when it reached the woman she sudlenly changed her mind, and decided that she wanted her gift returned. It took as my ogic and eloquence to persuade her to sell t for the sum offered "I never have met among women a connoisseur or extensive collector of range old

collecting to-day than there were a decade ago. Yet hundreds of books are pubeshed now for every thirty of an earlier period. Collections of clippings from newspapers and magazines are increasing in popularity; and yet they are almost worthless from dealer's viewpoint, for the strange reason that no two human beings seem to be interested in exactly the same subject of the same phase of it. The assortment my be worth hundreds of dollars to the mar who gathers it, and yet be difficult to dispuse of at any price. There are few exceptions. Clippings on the drama, on the evolution of a town or city, or on the reports of the Weather Bureau usually have a degree of

SOME QUEER COLLECTIONS "But collectors seem to have so much grotesque originality, and so many idissyncracies. There is a prominent New York man-not a crank-whose humor it is to collect everything printed that he can find on the frailties of clergymen. He fulnbles among the dusty papers and magazines here every week, and has catalogue'l the fruits of his vigilance under ethical heads. Each offense is placed beneath the moral or civil law that it breaks. Another man left two large collections on suicide and cigarettes here, but no one wanted them."

But the most cherished clippings never become the gentle comrades, kind advisers, friends, comforts, treasures, that some of the neglected old books in New York to-day have been to the men who once read them by their own library firesides until driven by pecessity and hunger to part with them.
A distinguished Confederate general, who died in New York gave away his big library for \$300. His fortune was gone and his pride prevented his accepting aid from his friends. They were unaware of the extremity of his suffering until they found his bookshelves empty. His autograph would have multiplied the value of each volume, but he refused to let it remain on the page. Every trace of their ownership was obliterated.

Different is the farewell given by immigrant students to their favorite books when they find themselves alone and hungry in New York with only their small library, brought from the Fatherland, left to encourage them. Their books are the last possessions they sacrifice. In some of the dingy shops down near the Bowers, pa-thetic little dramas of human life are snacted daily. The German student never blots or tears away his name from the valume. He always hopes to recover it some day, and he is proud to have been its master once even if it never does come back. The name is a fragile bond of union held acred and left untouched. There it waits, stamped in big black letters on the upper right corner of the front leaf. The book is the tool of his profession. It usually is as work on medicine, astronomy, music or mathematics. It can be recognized anywhere by its sturdy binding. It costs 13 cents to bind such a book in Germany, and the student's entire cost of living abroad is \$15 a month. Sometimes a handful of rare books is brought to the shop and left for a few pennies. Their history and worth are not suspected even by the dealer, who sells them again for a trifling profit, and then realizes that they go to enrich the Bbrary of one of the erudite, unpretentious, harmless-looking old collectors who haunt the limbos of cast-off books.

Old-style steam traction engine, but is twice as strong and very much more economical. It will pull a gang of five or six subsoil plows, such as are usually drawn by two horses each, and, because of its steady, untiring, unbalking work, will accomplish more in a day than could be done by ten horses and as many men, and it requires but three men to run the little en-

# Even the Silence of a Piano

SPEAKS OF THE EDUCATIONAL QUALITY OF THE HOME IT LIVES IN

# For NEARLY 100 YEARS have stood for the BEST in piano manufacturing. The value of the good name they so proudly possess has not been impaired

WE REPRESENT THE CHICKERING PIANO Besides the Chickering we have the Vose, Jewett, Ivers & Pond Fischer, Cameron, Hallet & Davis, Braumuller, Stewart

SOLD FOR CASH OR ON PAYMENTS

128-130 North Pennsylvania Street



Wulschner, Stodart and others.

"Indiana's Largest Music House."

### IMPERIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

They Go Hand in Hand with America's Imperial Destiny.

The white man's burden begins to chafe the other apartments. Two of the children | us a little all around. We are all beginning had been driven from home in order to to discover what students of history undermake more space for his books. His spe- stood from the first, that our new path of this year was to have been one of the society cial hobbies were the civil war, of which imperial power and service is likely to be events of Georgia, and gone to the New York art he was a veteran, and China. No scray of toilsome as well as glorious. This never literature that he could find on either sub- was any reason for shirking responsibilities juct was spared. He gathered all into his put upon us by our natural evolution, but of the higher grades, are always on the overwrought house and kept them there. it is a reason for approaching those rewatch for suggestions, however harmless in | The third floor was filled with magazines | sponsibilities with decent sobriety and foreand newspapers. They formed almost a thought. We approach every problem of later wolumes. "The Octopus" is an uneven the height of popularity among European Chambers' Journal, a famous English week- compact mass from wall to wall. When dealing with inferior races with the same and the "critter" engaged for many years the sea, then hundreds of millions strong, ly, published a fictitious account of a rob- the columns grew so high and broad that national light heartedness and national of blunders in dealing with the negro.

> The Philippines are the only place where we have escaped serious mistakes. There to American authority that put us on our mettle. We started out in Cuba with the horrible blunder of the Teller resolution. We started out in Hawaii with the foolish notion that we could treat Kanakas like American settlers in a Western Territory. We shall have to take the back track in both places sooner or later. We are apbroaching another problem of dealing with inferior races in the isthmian canal enter-We shall have to be very careful to avoid blundering there. We have treaties pending with both the

United States of Colombia and the reublic of Cuba. Both these governments have sent back our treaty drafts for revision. We made liberal terms to the Colombians for perpetual control of the canal ficulties about the question of perpetual control of the canal strip, and demands larger sum of money for the concession. It is probable that there is no connection between these demands and the discontent of the Colombian government with Admiral Casey's course at Panama. Newspapers that put the two together forget that this treaty must have been started from Bogota on its return before the friction at the isthmus. That friction seems to have been removed by instructions from Washington.

We may as well make up our minds to be held up and thwarted at every point in his canal enterprise by politicians and adventurers in temporary control of what is called the government of Colombia. We shall have to do there just as we did when the Panama railroad was constructed. We shall have to watch our chance to get a proper treaty out of some reasonable and power, and enforce it afterwards with cruisers and marines. We need a better treaty than that of 1846; but we can get it, as we got a bargain out of the Panama

Canal Company, by playing Nicaragua off could not abandon it for the other. This advantage is going to enlist the Panama Canal Company with us in bringing the Colombians to reason. Cuba has sent back our reciprocity treaty too, with the statement that it is inadmissible, and a counter proposal, whose nature is not disclosed. This is the natural and expected result of the domestic and foreign intrigues that have been going on Cuba. We missed the one opportunity of making an easy and satisfactory adjustment with Cuba by failing to provide for commercial reciprocity before our occupation of the island ended. Our retire-

ment made way for selfish and ambitious politicians at home and for foreign agents | his left eye. 'I have been a carpenter, sir, of our European rivals in trade and intheir best to undo everything that was done. during the American occupation of Cuba. They are working together to defeat commercial reciprocity between the two countries; to prevent effectuation of the Platt | it down again swiftly until his huge fist amendment to the Cuban constitution; to struck the table with a horrible dull thud. destroy our influence with the Cuban government and to deprive us of the military in thunderous tones. 'I do,' was the reply, and naval advantages promised; to divert made in accents pitched in a high key Cuban trade from the United States and to which contrasted strangely with the cavbooks, or even of new ones. And there are turn it towards Europe and South America. ernous tones of the learned counsel. Then fewer men, among the younger generation. We cannot blame the representatives of Mr. Jones, with flashing eyes and clenched timental folly put into their hands. We have been the laughing stock of the world for passing the Teller resolution, and we must not expect it to help us in getting out of our hole. The President seems to be at the end of his rope in dealing with Cuba, and the experience of last winter does not promise much help from the wisdom of Congress. It will take a great many years for our relations with Cuba to reach a situation as favorable for establishing the status best for both countries as that we foolishly neglected to take advantage of. The Hawaiian islands are small, but they were big enough for us to blunder over. The consequences of our error in giving them more self-government than they were fit to exercise have been evident in all the subsequent history of the islands. They are written down again in the annual report of Governor Dole, just sent to Washington. He asks for large amendments in the organic law. He wants the federal government to assume powers that have been in-trusted to the Hawaiian government, but which it is too weak to exercise. He wants powers that were intrusted to the half native Hawaiian Legislature practically transferred to the Governor. In fact, this man, who is recognized everywhere as the ablest resident of the island and the most trusted representative of property and busi-ness and education there, practically re-ports that the people are less fit to govern themselves than our Congress supposed. It will be comparatively easy to correct our national mistakes in Hawaii. Those islands are national territory, absolutely under American authority. It is only a question there of amending unwise legisla-tion. We shall do what we have done in Alaska-go on passing and amending experimental laws until we get knowledge and experience enough to work out a complete code. In a general way that is what we shall do in the Philippines. These problems are easy enough in comparison with

Cuba and our isthmian proteges. SMALL FARMS IN THE SOUTH.

They Are Not Likely to Discard Workmen and Horses for Machines.

A Florida man who has been traveling in the West-the section of great farms and prodigious ranches-brings back the rather startling information that the farm hand is doomed and that the farm horse will disappear with him. Indeed, the Florida man is quite sure that the passing of these two necessaries of the farm has already begun, and is quite well advanced. Machinery is taking the place of man and beast. Traction engines and electrical motors are doing the work formerly per formed by hands and horses, he says, and they are doing it at a great saving to the farmer. We learn from our Florida friend that a recently perfected traction engine which gets its power from gasoline, is proving very popular on the big farms. This engine is small, compact and easily managed. It is not half as large as the old-style steam traction engine, but is

gine. Not only will it pull plows, but it will run the reaper, binder, thresher, feed cutter and other machinery, and when the has changed all that. The solid mass of harvesting is over it will pull a train of this great body in action will by mere mewagons from the farm to the market.

With the substitution of machine labor trial warring units into opposition. There is for animal labor there is no necessity for the farmer to employ hands to get up at 5 in the morning and feed the horses, in an- | the small nations. ticipation of their hard day's work, since The question arises, what would Britain no horses are necessary. All the farmer do if continental Europe be thus relieved has to do is to pour some oil in the tank of from internal dangers and under free trade the machine, strike a match and his motor | possessed of the indispensable home maris ready for the duty before it. The cost | ket, and were finally to be federated into of the gasoline traction engine is about one zollverein or great power? Would she \$1,000, but after the first cost the expense is slight as compared with the keep of horses. It may be true, as our Florida friend concluded, that farm hands and farm horses will become fewer year by year on the great farms of the West, where machinery can be profitably employed. In this section, however, we expect to see the "hired man" farms than great ones. In the South the great plantations of years ago are being broken up into small farms that are cultivated by families. Machinery to replace animals cannot profitably be employed on such farms. Meanwhile it is a fact that the Southern farmers, and especially those of Georgia, are keeping well up with the march of progress in the use of improved and labor-saving devices for the preparation of their lands and the cultivation and harvesting of their crops. The day may come when Dobbin may be turned out to grass for good and all, and when the automobile will do all the plowing, grinding, hauling and carrying the folks to meeting, but the time is not yet.

## OLD WAYS AND NEW. Yellow Journalism's Method of Re-

porting a News Item. New York Sun. In old times there were three ways to report testimony, the verbatim, the sketch and the summary. Let us give an example:

John Smith sworn and examined by Mr. "Q-What is your business?"

"Q-Do you know the defendant?"

"A-I am a carpenter." "Q-How long have you worked at your "A-I have worked at my trade for twenty

"Q-How long have you known him?" rears.

a carpenter. He worked at his trade for twenty years and knew the defendant for

And the summary: 'John Smith, a carpenter, knew defendint for ten years.' The yellow fever, however, has evolved

a new style of reporting; "John Smith, a tall and angularly formed fellow with bushy red hair and flaming whiskers, was sworn. He kissed the Book with a resounding smack, adjusted his green necktie, sat down in the witness chair, ran his right hand through his ruby locks, crossed his legs, which were closely ncased in blue and white trousers of the latest cut, and then looked straight into the eyes of Counsellor Jones. In solemn tones the latter asked him his business. 'I am a carpenter,' was his humble reply, made in clear and high-pitched voice that was

heard distinctly in the remotest corner of "'How long have you been a carpenter asked Mr. Jones with a threatening look in said the witness with great dignity and These between them are doing fully appreciating the importance of the question, 'during the past twenty years. Then Mr. Jones drew himself up to his fullest height, and extending his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees he brought 'Do you know the defendant?' he shouted hissed: 'How long have you known him?' 'Ten years,' was the answer tossed back to the lawyer with lightning-like rapidity.' Well, this method of reporting may be very beautiful, but it makes rather tiresome reading, and in these days when few citizens can afford the luxury of reading themselves to sleep, blatherskite reports of murder trials are very much avoided.

# A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

What Might Happen Under Certain Industrial Contingencies.

Andrew Carnegie, in the World's Work. Let us therefore assume that continental Europe will be finally compelled, after

greater or less sacrifice, through ruinous vars or peaceful negotiations, if not to federalize in some form, yet to adopt means to insure peace among themselves which would lead to some form of federation under free trade. It would then be continent against continent—Europe vs. America; with the former released from militarism there would be equality so far and both could prosper with a large home market and participate in the ever-increasing trade of the world. There is little room to-day for operations upon a small scale either in industrialism or nationalism - nation against nation was once well enough. Britain and France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary were each once of sufficient size to



EVIDENTLY SATISFACTORY. New Guest (in country hotel)-Clerk, the delothes in the room you assigned me are

continental Union-forty-five States in one mentum force its way through small indus. also huge Russia to be recokned with, which likewise threatens to overshadow

remain a small separate island nation of forty-five or fifty millions, against the huninvited, become a member of the European consolidation-our race submerged by Slav. Teutonic and Latin races? Or would the mother-heart, beating fast within her, turn her gaze longingly to her children across speaking race thus becoming again as it was before-for offense never, for defense ever-one and inseparable.

#### CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Chicago Drummer Badly Bitten by a Bactrachian at Toledo.

Detroit Free Press.

"No, I never had my pockets picked nor my watch lifted," reolled the Chicago drummer, "but there are other ways of working a man, and on several occasions l have been worked. Indeed, it was only a month ago, and in Toledo, where nothing is expected to happen, that I was played for a sucker. I had stopped on the street to light a cigar when a man, who looked as if he had just come to town with a load of pumpkins, came up to me holding a ring in

his fingers and said: Stranger, I'm feeling sort o' consciencestricken and I want to ask your advice. I met a feller a little while ago who was in an awful hurry to go to Cleveland. He wanted \$20 on this ring, which he said was worth a hundred, but I wouldn't give him but \$10. If it's worth a hundred I really ought to have treated him better. I might catch him at the depot even now and give

him the other ten. "I turned loose," said the drummer, "and called Uncle Rube all sorts of fools, and ended by saying the ring wasn't worth \$5. and pearls, but even a kid would have known they were bogus. I was still talking when the man who had borrowed \$10 came hurrying up and asked for its return, saying he had found a party to advance \$40 on it. Uncle Rube observed that I took the thing for a swindle, and the man turned on me and sarcastically expressed his thanks and advised me to study up on gems a bit. We had hot words, and in the end I bet him \$20 the ring wasn't

worth \$10.' "And was it?" was queried as the drum 'Well, three different jewelers valued it at \$150, and Uncle Rube, who was stake holder, doubtless got an even whack on my money. It was a put-up job, of course, and was just fool enough to bite. I haven't even the consolation of feeling that it was one of my off days, or that my liver trou-I naturally wanted to lick somebody, but as it takes me about fifteen minutes to ge mad and see through a hole in the wall the two rascals were a mile away when I got

# THE BAKER'S OVEN.

ready for action, and thus escaped scot

How the Bakers Determine It by the Mere Touch of Hand.

New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Bakers have a curious way of telling ust what the temperature of an oven is, said a down town baker who has been it the business for more than a quarter of a century, "and they can tell, too, with almost marvelous accuracy. You take a he can tell what the temperature of the oven is by simply touching the handle of the oven door. In nine cases out of ten will not miss it the fraction of a degree Bakers have other ways, of course, or testing the heat of the oven. For instance, when baking bread they sometimes throw piece of white paper into the oven, and if it turns brown the oven is at the proper temperature; or, when baking other things, they will throw a little cornmeal or flour into the oven in order to test the heat. But the baker's fingers are the best gauge, and when you come to think of the different temperatures required in baking different things, it is no small achievement to even approximate the heat of the oven by touching the handle of the oven door. "Bakers figure that during the rising time of a loaf of breed, after it has been placed in the oven, it cught to be in a temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit. During the baking process, in order to cook the starch, expand the carbonic acid gas, air and steam, and drive off the alcohol, the inside of the loaf must register at least 200 degrees. In making rolls, buns, scones, tea biscuits, drop cakes, fancy cakes, New Year's cakes, muffins, puff cakes and things of that sore the oven must show a heat of 450 degrees or higher. When the oven is at 400 degrees, it is fit for cream puffs, sugar cake, queen cakes, rock cakes, umbles, lady fingers, rough and ready and elly rolls. At 350 degrees wine cakes, cup cakes, ginger nuts and snaps, pies, ginger bread, spice cakes, such as raisin, currant, citron, pound, bride and so on, may be baked. It requires a still lower temperature to bake wedding cakes, kisses, anise drops and things in this class. But whatever temperature the old baker wants, he can tell when he has it by simply touching the handle of the oven door.

#### Dewey Quelling a Mutiny. New York Press.

Such as imagine Admiral Dewey only a successful "bridge captain" may find interest in this account of a mutiny on the old Kearsarge, of which he was in 1866 executive officer. Fifty sailors had mutinied and gone below to the gin deck, where they huddled together in the dark, ready to blow up the corvette if necessary. Summoning the ship's writer, who had charge of the watch muster, and arming himself with twelve pistols (they were of rather ancient pattern), Dewey started for them. The ship's writer carried a lantern and the roll. Reaching the mutineers, the destined hero of Manila bay, facing them with a cocked pistol in each hand and the other ten tucked away in the breast of his coat, said, "Call the roll!" The first name happened to be John Jones. Through sheer force of habit he answered "Here." Aiming his pistol at Jones, who stood in the rear of the crew, Dewey said: "John Jones, I see you. I am going to have your name called once more, and if you do not answer and immediately go up on deck you are a dead man.
Call the roll!" "John Jones!" rang out the
voice of the ship's writer. No answer.
Dewey fired. The bullet meant for John Jones went through the heart of the man standing beside him. Almost before his dead body struck the deck Dewey, recocking his weapon, said: "Now, men, the roll will be continued. As each man's name is called he will answer, and go up on deck. "Call the roll!" "George Smith!" "Here." answered Smith putting his hand to his answered Smith, putting his hand to his not fit to sleep in.

Clerk—H'm, thet's funny. Th' gent what
was in there afore you used 'em all last

Week an' never said.